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BY
BOTTICELLI

FROM THE
UFFIZI GALLERY

GREAT HYMNS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

COMPILED BY
EVELINE WARNER BRAINERD



NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION

TRUE mystics were the poets of the church throughout its early centuries and the Middle Ages,—the leaders of what Professor Müller calls Mystic Christianity. In these monks and priests were combined such splendor of vision and such childlike simplicity of imagination as belong only to those to whom the world unseen is the visible world, the life unseen the real life. If the Kingdom of Heaven

was within them, it was quite as certainly a reality toward which they strove diligently, for which they longed greatly, and in which they implicitly believed. This may explain the essentially impersonal attitude even in the later, strongly emotional poetry of which "The Jubilee Rhythm" of Bernard of Clairvaux is an example. Even in this the personal element is quite lost in the description of the visions vouchsafed to the blessed. It is a quality seemingly at variance with adherence to a system in which the saving of one's own soul is the

first care, yet no analysis of self turns these writers from their celestial themes. There is no place in their minds for individual moods, such as color some modern devotional verse and make religion appear a salve for the disappointed rather than an inspiration for the hero. The thoughts of the mediæval hymn-writers were fixed on the facts of their belief and on the theories of their theology, and life itself was in those days too precarious to leave room for fine questionings as to its lesser incidents of pleasure or of pain.

Out of the strange tumult of the Middle Ages has developed the social fabric of to-day. In our laws still live procedures that took their rise in the days when civilization was struggling piteously against barbarism and feeling its way, blindly and falteringly, into the paths of governed order. In society are remnants of customs that once had vital meaning, and in religious services, most of all, are found the visible links between those elder days and these their unlike descendants. The political forms are outgrown, the traces of feudalism

grow fainter and more faint. The fragments of defined social classes remain, but more in title than in actual power or position, and those customs which tended to pride in calling and to fellowship among craftsmen have vanished with the distinguishing costumes and the distinctive pageants. In America the debt to the Middle Ages is hardly to be traced even in such survivals as England and the continent may show ; and were it not for the liturgies of the Roman and the Anglican communions, which have crossed the water practically unaltered, the New

World would have lost all reminders of those mighty years of preparation. We think of the mediæval period as of a time when the power of the antique world was broken, and as the final and fearful stage of its decadence. The period had something of this quality, as it held within its turbulent life something of every quality, of every time. With nations only in the making, the Middle Ages partake of the characteristics of all the peoples who have since developed into the different nationalities of Europe, with their defined national characteristics; and

looking back after the lapse of centuries, the writers, the builders, the philosophers of the period seem not German, or French, or Spanish, or Italian, but simply mediæval; and the monasteries, whence came the Latin hymns, whether of St. Victor, or Cluny, or Portiuncula, have their abiding-places marked rather by epoch than by map.

On the decline of the classical Latin there arose a popular poetry, mainly religious, at first in the ancient tongue, but in time followed by songs in the various languages and dialects of the districts of

Europe. In this mass of Latin verse are a few poems that have come down to us as more than historical documents or literary curios. As it was the church alone, despite its faults, that conserved and spread learning in those dark ages, that held the only ideal toward which the high-minded might strive, and that served as the one unifying force amid the distracted and unrelated peoples; so at first were the religious writings the only ones that possessed enough vital force to remain to any extent expressive of the thought of succeeding times.

In the ritual of the Roman Church was room for music and for poetry, and these came at her call. It was not the Latin of Virgil that was thus spread among the people, and in which they learned the doctrines and the aspirations of their religion. The Latin of Fortunatus, of Notker, of Thomas Aquinas, has been deemed by some but a diminished tongue. On the other hand, it may well be held that when the rules imposed by Greek influence were thrown aside, when meter grew to depend on accent rather than on quantity, and when rhyme be-

came not the rare ornament of the poetic phrase, but its constant form, then for the first time the tongue of the Italian peninsula came into its own. Assuredly this was not the poetry of a decline; it was rather that of a new birth and bore within its unaccustomed measures the fire of youth, the enthusiasm of a mighty faith, the ardor of a splendid cause.

Not until the publication of Dr. Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry," some sixty years ago, was much interest felt outside the circle of students of ecclesiastical history in this

renaissance of Latin literature. Since the appearance of this volume many translators have done scholarly work in bringing all that is finest in these hymns and sequences within the reach of the English reader. A few of these renderings find their way into hymn-books, but many of the best are not fitted, or must be abridged, for congregational use. With a few exceptions the poems in the present collection are given entire. Father Damien's hymn on the glories of Paradise is in the rough, but vivid and literal, translation by Sir Roundell

Palmer, of which there are but the first ten stanzas. The exquisite “*Ales diei nuntius*” of Prudentius is an extract from a long series of verses from which these were early taken for church use and are still found in the Roman Breviary. Bernard of Cluny’s “*Hora novissima*” is a portion of his long poem on the horrors of his times, entitled “*De contemptu mundi*.”

Devotional poetry, from the fourth to the ninth centuries, is for the most part of the Ambrosian order, consisting of four or more four-line stanzas, unrhymed, or with but

the beginnings of this form, and closing with an invocation to the Trinity. These concluding invocations, though varying in the different monasteries, are practically the same and are added to any hymn. The Ambrosian hymns are rugged and direct. They show the influence of the Greek philosophers upon the minds of the Fathers of the early centuries and share neither the doctrinal nor the sentimental tendencies of the later hymns. The interests of the leaders of the Church in those formative days were keenly intellectual, and the

contrast between the poetry of the fourth and of the thirteenth centuries indicates strikingly a corresponding change in the mental attitude of the Church.

Hilary's morning hymn is one of the earliest that have survived, and words similar to these were doubtless used by the Christians whom Pliny describes as gathering before daybreak to sing hymns to their God. The verses by Gregory the Great, two hundred years later, "*Noctes surgentes vigilimus omnes*," refer definitely to this custom. Another of the Ambrosian

hymns, “*Ad cœnam agni providi*,” alludes to the coming of those baptized upon Easter Even to the communion upon Easter Day clad in white garments, a custom to which harks back the dress of the little girls, decked in veil and coronal, whom we meet now and then in the springtime upon our streets. “*Æterne rerum Conditor*” and “*Splendor Paternæ gloriæ*” are mentioned by Augustine as the work of Ambrose, and the second is that hymn which was the stay and comfort of the great theologian in his grief at the death of his mother.

By the ninth century meter and rhyme had so developed as to give variety to religious verse, and in the tenth century appeared the irregular prose known as the sequence. Notker, a monk of St. Gall, was the first to bring this into use. He is the author of many and beautiful hymns, but the “*Cantemus cuncti*” is the only one known to English readers, unless indeed he was the author of that most beautiful prose of all, “*Media vita in morte sumus.*” This was sung as a war song by the priests bearing the host, and among the people it

gained such superstitious and such wide-spread regard that its general use was forbidden. In the Anglican burial service we still hear the words, uttered by mourners during hundreds of years, “ In the midst of life we are in death.”

The prose of Theodulph, “ Gloria, laus et honor,” a processional for Palm Sunday, has one stanza, now omitted, that was used in all simplicity until the seventeenth century. It is put into quaint English rhyme by Dr. Neale:

Be Thou, O Lord, the rider,
And we the little ass ;
That to God's Holy City
Together we may pass.

The revision of the Roman Breviary in 1631 left out many of the Ambrosian and Prudentian hymns and radically altered others. In the Parisian Breviary, also, though the work was ably done, most of the ancient hymns were rejected and their places were filled with stanzas by the editors. The translations here chosen have been mainly taken from the older Latin forms. Dr. Copeland's fine rendering of Gregory's hymn for Sunday morning is, however, made from the Roman Breviary revision, where it appears as "Primo die quo Trinitas."

Altogether the finest translation of the "Veni Creator Spiritus" is that very simple rendering by Bishop Cosin, made in the seventeenth century, and since used in the Episcopal services for the ordering of priests and for the consecration of bishops. This hymn has never lost its rank as one for stately and solemn festivals, for dedications, and for coronations. Though it cannot with certainty be traced to a period earlier than the tenth century, it has a concise strength and a nobility that seem to connect it with the Ambrosian hymns

rather than with those of any later era, and it would be pleasant to set the name of some faithful monk, otherwise unknown without his cloister walls, to these words which were to add grandeur to the ceremonies of the ages. The “Veni Sancte Spiritus,” the Golden Sequence, is another hymn of which one would wish to know the author and to thank him. It is as perfect a prayer to the Father of the fatherless when sung to-day, at Whitsuntide, as when eight hundred years ago it was chanted by some abbey choir, proud of its new anthem.

Before the swing of the Latin versification and its sounding syllables, any translation must be lacking in grace and in force. Of all the translations of this mediæval poetry, the rendering of the "*Hora novissima*" by Dr. Neale carries into a foreign language the most of the energy and the music of the original words, a result curious in that Dr. Neale entirely disregards the dactylic hexameter of Bernard's verse and its double leonine rhymes, turning the amazingly complicated verse-structure into the simplest

of English forms. None of the mediæval descriptions of heaven shows so plainly the kinship between all visions of a future life as does this, penned in the darkness of the twelfth century. It breathes at once the spirit of the Hebrew shepherd and of the beauty-loving Greek, of the Beloved Disciple and of the Heroes of Asgard.

Most difficult is it to choose between the renderings of the “*Dies Iræ*,” and the best of them cannot give the marvelous ring of the Latin. The three stanzas of Sir Walter Scott, in the “*Lay of the Last*

Minstrel," though they are but three, and though they lack the double rhyme characteristic of the Latin, express perhaps better than does any other rendering the rush and force of the original and have helped to make this the most popularly known of all the mediæval hymns. It still rings forth its startling summons upon each All Souls' Day, and in the Roman order for the burial of the dead. Dr. Irons tells of the scene which inspired his translation, one of the few fine English versions. It was sung at the funeral of the archbishop of

Paris, killed at the barricade of the Place du Bastille, in 1848, its solemn cadence beating upon the awe-stricken multitude like a sentence of doom. It is a picturesque contrast that these terrible lines on the Day of Judgment should have been written by Thomas of Celano, the friend and biographer of the gentle Francis of Assisi. St. Francis' hymn, the "Canticle of the Creatures," is not in Latin, but is of the very beginnings of Italian poetry, which within less than a hundred years of its birth was to reach perfection in the pages of Dante

Alighieri. The canticle was sung daily by the Order of the Friars Minor and it seems, as we read it, the wise, and lofty, and courageous leader's very self, shorn of the exaggerations that the times forced upon him and his followers.

The pathetic legend of the authorship of the two "Stabat Mater" can be no more disproved than it can be proven, and we are left free to think tenderly of the half-crazed ascetic, the whimsical jester, Jacopone, changed by the death of his wife from a careless worldling to a devoted fol-

lower of St. Francis, as the author of those two pictures of motherhood, the one exquisite and joyous, the other heart-rending in its utter and human sense of desolation. The dramatic quality, indeed, of the "Stabat Mater dolorosa" caused its use by the Flagellants in those ghastly marches through the towns by which another fear, that of the destruction of a lost world, was added to the terrors distracting an ignorant and hopeless populace.

The old English verses on the "Celestial Country" are, it is true, quite too late to be

termed mediæval, yet they are so evidently but a poetical form of one of St. Augustine's meditations, and they keep so charmingly the simple piety and directness that mark the best of the Latin religious verse, that it has seemed excusable to include them for the sake of their spirit, at once so devout, so joyous, and so childlike. That these lines were the work of one of the martyred Roman priests of Elizabeth's reign is a tradition which has but the airiest of foundations, and F. B. P. is as unknown to us as though not even his initials remained.

The authors' names here set down are those for which the weight of evidence is heaviest, but it matters little that much is at best conjecture. Whether written by burdened ruler, or humble monk, or learned bishop, these scattered poems have that without which any literature must be found wanting. In rude and anxious and disheartened days they held with unfaltering assurance to a noble ideal, to a reverence for the beautiful in the earth, and to the struggle for a greater life to come.

E. W. B.

NEW YORK, June, 1909.

GREAT HYMNS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

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LUCIS LARGITUR SPLENDIDE

THOU bounteous Giver of the light,
All-glorious, in whose light serene,
Now that the night has pass'd away,
The day pours back her sunny sheen,
Thou art the world's true Morning Star,
Not that which on the edge of night,
Faint herald of a little orb,
Shined with a dim and narrow light;
Far brighter than our earthly sun,
Thyself at once the Light and Day,
The inmost chambers of the heart
Illumining with heavenly ray.

Thou Radiance of the Father's light
Draw near, Creator Thou of all;
The fears of whose removed grace
Our hearts with direst dread appal.

And may Thy Spirit fill our souls,
That in the needs of common time,
In converse with our fellow men,
We may be free from every crime.

Be every evil lust repell'd
By guard of inward purity,
That the pure body evermore
The Spirit's holy shrine may be.

These are our votive offerings,
This hope inspires us as we pray,
That this our holy matin light
May guide us through the busy day.

Hilary, fourth century.

Elizabeth R. Charles, tr.

AD COENAM AGNI PROVIDI

AT this high feast the Lamb hath made,
In shining robes of white arrayed,
The passage of the Red Sea o'er,
To Christ our Prince we sing once more,

Whose sacred body was for us
Broken on the altar of the Cross:
And tasting of His roseate blood
We live forevermore in God;

Saved on this wondrous Paschal night
From the destroying angel's might:
And rescued, a rejoicing prey,
From ruthless Pharaoh's tyrant sway.

For Christ, the Lamb without a stain,
To be our Sacrifice is slain;
And Very Truth's unleavened bread,
His flesh, is our oblation made.

O true, O worthy Sacrifice!
The infernal host defeated flies,
Thy captive people are set free,
Life's blessings all restored by Thee!

For Christ, arising from the tomb,
From hell's abyss hath victor come;
Abased in chains the tyrant holds,
The gates of Paradise unfolds!

All glory, gracious Lord! to Thee,
Who rose from death triumphant, be!
The Father and the Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last.

Fourth century.

John D. Chambers, tr.

AETERNE RERUM CONDITOR

FRAMER of the earth and sky,
Ruler of the day and night,
With a glad variety,
Tempering all, and making light;

Gleams upon our dark path flinging,
Cutting short each night begun,
Hark! for chanticleer is singing,
Hark! he chides the lingering sun.

And the morning star replies,
And lets loose the imprison'd day;
And the godless bandit flies
From his haunt and from his prey.

Shrill it sounds, the storm relenting
Soothes the weary seaman's ears;

Once it wrought a great repenting,
In that flood of Peter's tears.

Rouse we; let the blithesome cry
Of that bird our hearts awaken;
Chide the slumberers as they lie,
And arrest the sin-o'ertaken.

Hope and health are in his train,
To the fearful and the ailing;
Murder sheathes his blade profane,
Faith revives when faith was failing.

Jesu, Master! when we sin,
Turn on us Thy healing face;
It will melt the offence within
Into penitential grace:

Beam on our bewildered mind,
Till its dreamy shadows flee:
Stones cry out where Thou hast shined,
Jesu! musical with Thee.

To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, who in heaven
Ever witness, Three in One,
Praise on earth be ever given.

Ambrose, fourth century.

John Henry Newman, tr.

AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT

THE morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems
high,

The earth's exulting songs reply,
Hell wails a great and bitter cry.

For He, the strong and rightful King,
Death's heavy fetters severing,
Treads 'neath His feet the ancient foe,
Redeems a wretched race from woe.

Vainly with rocks His tomb they barr'd,
While Roman guards kept watch and ward ;
Majestic from the spoiléd tomb
In pomp of triumph He is come.

Let the long wail at length give place,
The groanings of a sentenced race ;

The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed !"

The sad apostles mourn'd their loss,
They mused upon the shameful Cross,
They mourn'd their Master basely slain,
They knew not He must rise again.

The women came to embalm the dead ;
To them the angel gently said,
With gracious words, "In Galilee
Your risen Lord ye now may see."

Then hasting on their eager way,⁷
The blessed tidings swift to say,
At once their living Lord they meet,
And stoop to kiss His sacred feet.

When the bereaved disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were
stirr'd;

They also haste to Galilee,
Their Lord's adoréd face to see.

The sun the happy world doth cheer
With Easter joy, serene and clear,
As on the Christ, this day of days,
Enrapt, with mortal eyes, they gaze.

His piercéð hands to them He shows,
Where Love's divinest radiance glows;
They with the angel's message speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Oh Christ, our King compassionate,
Our hearts possess; on Thee we wait,
That we may render praises due
To Thee the endless ages through.

Fourth century.

Elizabeth R. Charles, tr.

SPLENDOR PATERNAE GLORIAE

IMAGE of the Father's might,
Of His light essential ray,
Source of splendour, Light of light,
Day that dost illumine the day;
Shining with unsullied beam,
Sun of truth, descending stream
And upon our clouded sense
Pour Thy Spirit's influence.

Father, Thee too we implore;
Father, of almighty grace;
Father, of eternal power;
Taint of sin from us efface.
Every faithful act advance,
Turn to good each evil chance,
Blunt the sting of envy's tooth,
Keep us in the ways of truth.

Rule our minds, our actions form,
Cleanse our hearts with chastity,
Give us love sincere and warm,
Uprightness from falsehood free.
Christ, our living spring and meat,
Freely let us drink and eat;
And our gladden'd souls imbue
With the Spirit's healthful dew.

Joy be ours the passing day,
Pureness like the morning's glow,
Faith as clear as noontide ray,
May the mind no twilight know.
Welcoming the dawning bright,
Thus we pray a holier light,
From the eternal Fountain drawn,
On our waken'd souls may dawn.

Ambrose, fourth century.

Richard Mant, tr.

NOX ET TENEBRAE ET NUBILA

YE glooms of night ! ye clouds and shade !
O'er earth in dim confusion spread !
The light is here ! behold the dawn !
Christ cometh ; haste ye and begone !

Earth's dusky veil is rent away,
Pierced by the sparkling beams of day ;
Bright hues o'er nature's face return,
Waked by the quickening glance of morn.

O Christ ! to Thee, our only Sun,
With pure and simple hearts we turn ;
To these our tears and hymns give ear,
And with Thyself our senses cheer.

Our hearts, with cares and sins o'ergrown,
Are cleansed by Thy sweet light alone ;

Thou Eastern Star of heavenly sheen !
Illume us with Thine eye serene !

Lord, Holy Virgin-born! to Thee,
Eternal praise and glory be ;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last.

Prudentius, fifth century

John D. Chambers, tr.

ALLES DIEI NUNTIUS

DAY'S herald bird
At length is heard,
Telling its morning torch is lit,
And small and still
Christ's accents thrill
Within the heart, rekindling it.

Away, He cries,
With languid eyes,
And sickly slumbers profitless!
I am at hand,
As watchers stand,
In awe, and truth, and holiness.

He will appear
The hearts to cheer
Of suppliants pale and abstinent ;

Who cannot sleep
Because they weep
With holy grief and violent.

Keep us awake,
The fetters break,
Jesu ! which night has forged for us ;
Yea, melt the night
To sinless light,
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One,
To the most Holy Trinity,
All praise be given
In earth and heaven,
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

Prudentius, fifth century.
John Henry Newman, tr.

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT

THE royal banner floats on high,
The Cross is gleaming in the sky,
The Word, by whom all flesh was made,
Himself made flesh is there displayed.

Ah! look with eyes of pity here;
See, how they pierce Him with a spear;
To cleanse our sins flows out a tide
Of blood and water from His side.

Now is fulfilled what was of old
By David's truthful verse foretold:
From His high Cross, as from a throne,
On subject realms God's Son looks down.

Thrice blest art thou, O tree elect,
With royal purple richly deckt,
On whom such honour was bestowed
To bear so wonderful a load.

Upon those arms once hung sublime
The praise of every age and clime;
As in a balance thou didst weigh
Him, who from hell redeemed the prey.

Thy taste is nectar, and thy scent
Than precious oils more excellent;
Proud of the Fruit which thou dost bear,
Thou dost a look of triumph wear.

Hail! sacred altar; Victim, hail!
We celebrate the wondrous tale —
How life by death was overcome,
And life for all men sprang therefrom.

Hail! blessed Cross to which we flee
For refuge in our agony;
In pious souls, add grace to grace,
In guilty, all their guilt efface!

Fortunatus, sixth century.

Richard Massie, tr.

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI

SING the Cross ! the conflict telling,
Crown'd with glory more than woe
Sing the battle and the triumph,
Tell its fame to all below,
How by death the world's Redeemer
Overthrew and bound His foe.

Touch'd with pity for the ruin
Of our first-made father's fall,
When the fatal fruit he tasted,
On one mouthful staking all,
God mark'd out the tree of Calvary,
Eden's tree to match withal.

Law could only yield our rescue
As the fruit of pains and toils;
Art by art, the great Restorer
Foiled and took the Traitor's spoils.

Thus His healing balm He gathered
Where the foe had spread his wiles.

At the time afore appointed,
Coming in His Father's name,
In the womb of Virgin Mother
Clothed in flesh, with feeble frame ;
Born a man, the world's Creator
From the throne of glory came.

Hark ! the cry of infant wailing,
In a manger meanly laid ;
Child all lowly, God all holy !
Not in robes of light array'd ;
But in swaddling bands enfolded
By that blessed Mother-Maid.

Thirty winters has He numbered,
Here on earth in quest of me ;
Yea, my soul ; thy great Redeemer
Agonizing on the tree,
As the Lamb of God, uplifted,
Bleeds, and bows that head for thee.

Fainting, lo! the gall He tasteth;
See the thorns, the nails, the spear,
From His ebbing life are drawing
Crimson blood and water clear!
Fit for cleansing souls, and cleansing
Earth, and sea, and starry sphere.

Faithful Cross of Christ, we hail thee;
Of all trees on earth most fair;
None in all the forest yieldeth
Leaf, or flower, or fruit so rare.
Sweetest wood, yea, sweetest iron!
Sweetest burden, fit to bear.

Tree of awful beauty, bend thee,
Bend; thy stubborn branches bring
Softly round the form thou bearest;
O'er His head thy shadow fling;
Gently in thine arms uphold Him,
For of glory He is King.

Worthy thou to bear the ransom
Of a shipwreck'd world art found,

And to be our ark of safety,
For celestial harbour bound;
Sacred, hence, that blood has made thee,
As it flowed and wrapt thee round.

Judge of all! when Thou descendest,
Throned in awful majesty;
When aloft Thy Cross effulgent
Beams amid the Milky Way,
O be Thou, Thyself, our refuge,
And the dawn of endless day!

Glory, glory, everlasting,
To the blessed Trinity!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Father!
Praise, Eternal Son, to Thee!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit!
Three in One, and One in Three.

Fortunatus, sixth century.

H. M. MacGill, tr.

NOCTES SURGENTES VIGILIMUS OMNES

RISING at midnight, one and all awaking,
Chant we in ceaseless round our matins
sweet,
And to the Lord, melodious music making,
In tuneful quire our twilight hymns repeat.
So to our gracious King in concert singing,
We with His saints may all our powers
employ,
E'en to Heaven's palace-court our spirits
winging,
Till they be tun'd to taste that endless joy.
Be this by Thy thrice-holy Godhead granted,
Father, and Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Whose glory by the firmament is chanted,
Whose name by all the universe confest.

Gregory the Great, sixth century.

William J. Copeland, tr.

PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM

THIS glorious morn, time's eldest-born,
When God Triune the world did frame,
When from the grave, uprisen to save,
Our Maker and Redeemer came,

From every eye let slumber fly,
Let all before the dawn arise,
And seek by night th' Eternal Light,
As bids the prophet, timely wise.

So may He hear our matins clear,
And His right hand stretch forth to save,
And cleans'd from stain of earth, again
Restore us to the heaven He gave.

So, as we pour, at holiest hour
Of this, His day, our anthems sweet,
And, while men sleep, our vigils keep,
Our God may us with blessings meet.

Father of might, enthron'd in light,
Thee with o'erflowing lips we pray,
Oh, quench the fire of low desire,
Each deed of ill drive far away.

Be chaste and pure, from fall secure
The fabric of our mortal frame,
Nor kindling lust make this frail dust
Meet fuel for a fiercer flame.

Saviour of all, on Thee we call,
Oh, wash away our deep disgrace,
And thus Thine own, all-bounteous, crown
With never-ending life and peace.

This, Father, grant to our sore want,
And Thou, alone-coequal Son,
And Spirit blest, with both confest,
Who reign'st Eternal Three in One.

Gregory the Great, sixth century.

William J. Copeland, tr.

O BEATA HIERUSALEM

O JERUSALEM the blissful, home of gladness
yet untold:

Thou whose countless throngs triumphal fill with
joy thy street, of gold:

Graven on thee new and glorious, they the King's
own name behold!

Many are thy sons, O Mother, yon august and
shining band!

Gentle peace in all thy borders makes thee glad,
O happy land!

Perfect is thy restoration, bright in holiness to
stand.

Here, a figure of the heavenly, shines our temple,
worthier grown

By its finished restoration based upon the Corner-
stone,

With a majesty and beauty to the former house
unknown.

Lord, we pray Thee, Master-builder, great and
holy, enter in:

Fill Thy sanctuary quickly, as our hallowing
rites begin,

And Thyself, its Consecrator, rest forevermore
therein.

Make Thy servants, though unworthy, temples of
Thy grace to be;

Let us not in flesh or spirit prove disloyal unto
Thee,

But in dedicated service praise Thy name ador-
ingly.

Make, O Royal Priest, Thine altar here hence-
forth a throne of light,

Ever held in highest honour, and with many a
gift made bright,

Ever blessed, ever peaceful, ever precious in
Thy sight.

Yea, our hearts as sacred altars hallow for Thy-
self and bless;

By the grace of Thy renewing perfect us in
holiness;

And Thy sevenfold gifts from heaven may we
evermore possess.

Now to Thee through endless ages, O most holy
Trinity,

Highest honour, power unmeasured, everlasting
glory be:

God forever and forever, Three in One, and One
in Three.

From the Spanish Breviary, eighth century.

John Ellerton, tr.

GLORIA, LAUS ET HONOR

GLORY, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

Children before whose steps raised their
hosannas of praise.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

Israel's Monarch art Thou, and the glorious off-
spring of David,

Thou that approachest a King, blessed in the
name of the Lord.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

Glory to Thee in the highest the heavenly
armies are singing:

Glory to Thee upon earth man and creation
reply.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

Met Thee with palms in their hands, that day,
the folk of the Hebrews:

We with our prayers and our hymns now to Thy
presence approach.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

They to Thee proffered their praise for to
herald Thy dolorous Passion;

We to the King on His throne utter the jubilant
hymn.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

They were then pleasing to Thee, unto Thee our
devotion be pleasing;

Merciful King, kind King, who in all goodness
art pleas'd.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

They in their pride of descent were rightly the
children of Hebrews:

Hebrews are we, whom the Lord's Passover
maketh the same.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer!

Victory won o'er the world be to us for our
branches of palm tree:

So in the Conqueror's joy this to Thee still be
our song:

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,
Christ the Redeemer,

Children before whose steps raised their
hosannas of praise.

Theodulph, ninth century.

John Mason Neale, tr.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

CREATOR, Holy Ghost, descend;
Visit our minds with Thy bright flame;
And Thy celestial grace extend
To fill the hearts which Thou didst frame;

Who Paraclete art said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows;
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment, whence ghostly blessing flows.

Thy sevenfold grace Thou down dost send,
Of God's right hand Thou finger art;
Thou, by the Father promised,
Unto our mouths dost speech impart.

In our dull senses kindle light;
Infuse Thy love into our hearts;
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe
And quickly peace unto us bring ;
Be Thou our guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful thing.

Be pleaséd to instruct our mind
To know the Father and the Son ;
The Spirit who them both doth bind
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,
And to the Son, who from the dead
Arose, and to the Paraclete,
Beyond all time imaginéd.

Tenth century.

Drummond of Hawthornden, tr.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour Thy joys on human-kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command;

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:

The Saviour Son be glorified
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

John Dryden, tr.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

SPIRIT, heavenly life bestowing,
Spirit, all Thy new-born knowing,
Fill with gracious inspiration
Every soul of Thy creation.
Comforter from God descending,
Life and unction ever blending—
Fount of living waters flowing,
Flame of love forever glowing.
Sevenfold, precious gifts conferring,
Finger of the Lord, unerring—
Promise, by the Father given,
Teacher of the speech of heaven—
For our senses light securing,
Fill our hearts with love enduring;
In our bodies strength implanting,
Faith and firmness ever granting.
Far the foe to grace repelling,
Give us endless peace indwelling;

Thou, as leader, deign to guide us,
That no evil may betide us.
By Thy grace the Father learning,
And the blessed Son discerning;
Thee, of both the Spirit blending,
Let us trust through life unending.
To the God who being gave us,
To the Son who rose to save us,
To the Spirit sanctifying,
Glory be through life undying!

Erastus C. Benedict, tr.

CANTEMUS CUNCTI

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia.

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransom'd people sing
Alleluia.

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky
Alleluia.

They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright
home
Alleluia.

The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join, and say
Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite your

Alleluia.

Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hear frost and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing

Alleluia.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say

Alleluia.

Then let the beasts of earth with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again

Alleluia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth, sonorous,
Alleluia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Alleluia.

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia.

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid:
Alleluia.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
of all things loves:
Alleluia.

This is the song, the heav'nly song, that Christ
Himself approves:
Alleluia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia.

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia.

Now from all men be outpour'd
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Notker, tenth century.

John Mason Neale, tr.

AD PERENNIS VITAE FONTEM

By life's eternal Fountain, thirsty still and
dry,

For freedom from her fleshly bonds th' impri-
soned soul doth sigh,

Pants and struggles for her country, with an
exile's yearning cry.

Groaning beneath her heavy load, by miseries
press'd down,

She gazes on sin's forfeit, the glory once her own,
Lost good, by present ill to memory clearer
shown.

For of that perfect peace who can the joys recite,
Where the building is of living pearl, where
golden splendours bright
Shine from the lofty roofs, fill the festal halls
with light?

Their fabric is all bonded with gems of precious
stone;

The city's street, like glass, paved with pure
gold alone;
Nothing baneful or unclean within those walls
is known.

There is no icy winter, no scorching heats
consume;
It is spring there forever; perpetual roses bloom,
White lilies, blushing crocus, balm, dropping
sweet perfume.

Green the meadows and the corn-fields, the
brooks with honey flowing;
Soft odours from all colours, liquid spices health-
bestowing,
Woods of flowery trees, their fruits never failing,
ever growing.

No change is there of moon or sun or starry
courses bright;
For the Lamb is that blest city's never-setting
light;
Eternal day is there, day without time or night.

And there shines every saint with the brightness
of a sun;
They have triumphed, they are crowned, they
rejoice all as one,
Safe now, counting over the battles they have
won.

Dross and stain purged away, from fleshly con-
tests freed,
Mind and spiritual body in one law agreed,
To the joys of that great peace no snares of sin
succeed.

Stripped of all that suffered change, to the
Author of their race
They return, and with Present Truth standing
face to face
From the Living Well-spring drink the sweetness
of His grace.

Peter Damien, eleventh century.

Roundell Palmer, tr.

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA

JESU, name of sweetest thought,
Name with every blessing fraught —
But beyond all blessings here,
Is Thy presence, Jesu, dear.

O Thou richest song of all,
Sweetest sound that e'er can fall,
Charméd thought forever nigh —
Jesu, Son of God, on high!

Hope of contrite hearts and meek,
Jesu, near to them that seek —
If to those who ask so kind,
Lord, what is it Thee to find!

Jesu, joy of hearts, most bright,
Spring of truth and inward light,
Sweetest joy of heaven above,
Far exceeding human love.

Human speech it cannot say,
Pen it cannot e'er portray,
He who loves alone can sing
What it means to Him to cling!

Shut thy door, my weary heart,
Seek at night the better part—
Day or night, where'er I be,
Seeks my love Thy face to see.

Magdalene, in morning gray,
Goes to see where Jesus lay—
Longs my heart for vision bright,
Longs my heart for better sight.

Fills my voice the empty tomb,
Jesus is not in its gloom—
Let me at His feet be cast,
Holds my love the Risen fast.

Jesu, wondrous King art Thou!
Victor-laurels deck Thy brow;

Thou art altogether fair,
Bliss in Thee beyond compare.

With us stay, Redeemer dear,
On us shed Thy brightness here;
Chase the darkness of the night,
Fill the world with sweetest light!

For Thy blessed presence, Lord,
Gives the knowledge of Thy word;
Fetters of the earth it breaks,
Ardent love within awakes.

Love of Jesus, oh, how meet!
Love of Jesus, oh, how sweet!
Thousand times more glorious far,
Than our highest praises are.

This Thy bitter passion shows,
And the precious blood that flows—
Gracious pardon now is sealed,
And the Father's face revealed.

Jesus, then, let all adore,
Now let all His grace implore;
Seek in Him to have your part —
Seeking, love shall fill your heart.

Thus we feebly own the love
Richly pouréd from above;
Own, in grace, His precious grace,
Haste to see His blessed face.

Jesu, spring of pity high,
Jesu, hope of every joy,
Source of grace and glory bright,
Thou of hearts the true delight!

Who may fully sing Thy praise?
Faltering voices here we raise —
Dare we, filled with joyous love,
Mingle songs with saints above?

Oh, then, let me taste and see,
Lord, Thy gracious love to me —

Jesu, by Thy presence dear,
Let me feel Thy glory here!

Jesu, Thy dilection,
Sweetest heart's refection,
Never satiates, ever fills,
Longing meets but never stills.

They who eat will hunger more,
Thirst anew who drank before—
Oh, the longing luxury
Of the heart that pants for Thee!

Wouldst the joy of Jesus know?
Must thy heart in love o'erflow—
Satisfied in Him, and blest,
Finds the soul eternal rest.

Jesu, praise of angels high,
Song of sweetest melody;
Honey from the rock Thou art,
Heavenly nectar in the heart.

Thousand times I long for Thee,
Come, O Jesus, come to me;
Gladden, Lord, my heart in grace,
Satisfy me with Thy face!

Ever-flowing stream of love,
Ever wafting hearts above —
Love that sweetest fruit will bear,
Fruit of life eternal there.

O Thou depth of love untold,
Joy that e'er the heart doth hold,
Sovereign mercy unsurpast,
Let Thy kindness hold me fast.

Yes, to love, it is most blest —
Lord, Thyself my sole request;
Let all vanish then and flee,
Let me live, from hence, in Thee!

Thou art my eternal part,
Hope of every praying heart —

Inmost longing of the meek,
Tears of penitence Thee seek!

Though I wander far and wide,
Will I seek Thee by my side;
Oh what joy to find Thee near!
Oh what bliss to hold Thee here!

Fills the heart delight untold,
Heavenly fellowship I hold;
Could such joys forever last,
All too quickly are they past!

What so long I asked, I see,
What I sought I have in Thee;
And, while joying in Thy love,
Long the more for Thee above.

Love which from Thy loving flows,
Neither change nor end it knows,
Fails not, loses not its glow,
Evermore must brighter grow;

Love that fresh desire awakes,
Meeting it most blessed makes;
Love, delighting, knows aright,
Knowing, tastes of fresh delight;

Love which heavenly love imparts,
Love which dwells in inmost hearts,
Love which lightens up the mind,
Pleasure true alone can find;—

Oh what sweet and holy fire,
Oh what ardent, blest desire,
Oh what rich refectiön,
Loving Thee, eternal Son!

Blossom of the Virgin-womb,
Heavenly light in earthly gloom;
Humbled once, to glory raised,
And in songs eternal praised!

Come, oh come, most glorious King,
Thou, whose praises angels sing;

Ever longs our soul for Thee,
Help us clearer now to see!

Brighter than the sunlight calm,
Fragrant more than sweetest balm;
Better Thou, more precious, dear,
Than our broken pleasures here.

Every sense and taste is filled,
Every yearning, Lord, is stilled -
Thou alone canst be the part,
Jesu, of each loving heart.

Thou, heart's delectation,
Thou, love's consummation,
Thou, best consolation,
Jesu, our salvation!

Thou hast conquered, glorious,
And returned victorious;
Yet though now enthroned on high,
Ever Thou to us art nigh!

Art Thou risen, and reign'st above?
I am bound to Thee in love;
Never art Thou far from me —
Gracious Lord, I follow Thee!

Heavenly denizens draw nigh,
Lift the jewelled gates on high,
And to Christ triumphant sing:
Jesus, hail! of glory King!

King of glory, King of might,
King of victory most bright;
Blessed Jesu, full of grace,
Image of the Father's face —

Thou, the Truth, the Life, the Way —
Thou, the Sun of endless day,
Chase our sorrow's darksome night,
Pouring down Thy glorious light!

Praise the Lord, thou heavenly choir,
Answer, thou seraphic lyre,

While a joyous, ransomed earth
Sings the story of her birth.

Reign, O Lord! in peace most blest—
Reign in sweet, unbroken rest;
Ah! how longs each weary heart
There to have its joyous part.

To the Father gone art Thou,
Entered Heaven's glory now;
And my heart is gone from me,
Bound, O Christ, in love to Thee!

Lord, we follow with our praise—
Vows, and prayers, and hymns we raise;
Grant, O Christ, eternally
There to dwell in light with Thee!

Bernard of Clairvaux, twelfth century.
Alfred Edersheim, tr.

MORTIS PORTIS FRACTIS FORTIS

L o, the gates of death are broken,
And the strong man arm'd is
 spoil'd,—

Of his armour, which he trusted,
 By the stronger arm despoil'd.
Vanquish'd is the prince of hell,
Smitten by the Cross he fell.

Then the purest light resplendent
 Shone those seats of darkness through,
When, to save whom He created,
 God will'd to create anew.

That the sinner might not perish,
 For him the Creator dies,
By whose death our dark lot changing,
 Life again for us doth rise.

Satan groan'd, defeated then,
When the Victor ransom'd men;
Fatal was to him the strife,
Unto man the source of life;
Captured as he seized his prey,
He is slain as he would slay.

Thus the King all hell hath vanquish'd
Gloriously and mightily;
On the first day leaving Hades,
Victor He returns on high;

With Himself mankind upraising,
When He rose from out the grave,
Thus restoring what creating
In its origin He gave.

By the sufferings of his Maker,
To his perfect Paradise
The first dweller thus returneth;
Wherefore these glad songs arise.

Peter the Venerable, twelfth century.

Elizabeth R. Charles, tr.

O QUANTA QUALIA SABBATA

How great, how beautiful that Sabbath rest,
Kept in the court eternal of the blest!
Repose for weary souls! for brave reward!
For there our all in all shall be the Lord.

What King! what holy court! what palace fair!
What peace! what solace! what rejoicing there!
Ye glorious dwellers! your own joy reveal,
If ye can utter all your spirits feel.

The true Jerusalem! that state above!
Whose peace unending is our highest love;
Where longing hope cannot true joy forerun;
Where perfect happiness and hope are one!

There shall our sorrowings forever cease,
And Zion's lofty songs we sing in peace;
Thy happy people, Lord, before Thy face,
Pay gracious offerings for Thy gifts of grace.

There still a Sabbath new on Sabbath rolls,
An endless holy day of holy souls,
Those chants ineffable rise evermore,
Which saints in glory with the angels pour.

Thither we lift, O God, our waiting eyes,
And see our fatherland in hope arise;
Homeward from Babylon we fondly yearn,
After long, weary exile, to return.

Peter Abelard, twelfth century.

Edward A. Washburn, tr.

HORA NOVISSIMA

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,

The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of jubilee;
And the sunlit land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.

Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;

Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest:
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satiate,
The full, yet craving still.

That fullness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet:
There life set free from sin;
When to the last great supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fullness,
Yet so inviolate:
And perfect from unperfected,
And fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:

They paid the price on earth,

And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious, holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred, ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odours play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long, vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze:

The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him, who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fullness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy country,
True Israelites, is rife.
Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'ers,
To have our home on high!

That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know:
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous;
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,

The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.
There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chas'd.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showing,
Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed,
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbour,
And we triumph after sadness:
And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see:
And Jesus shall be lovéd, and
Beheld in Galilee:

Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it:—
Behold thy King's array:
Behold thy God in beauty,
The law hath pass'd away!
Yes! God my King and portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rahel,
Forever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the land of beauty,
All things of beauty meet.
For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;

For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O come, O onely mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,

The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own:
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone:
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not:
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
The wealth that is thy King's!
Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation

Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them:
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!
O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.
Jerusalem the glorious!

The glory of the elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe!
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:

And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou city of the angels!
Thou city of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,

He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
O realm and home of life!
Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And hope upon my way;
With those perennial guerdons
I labour night and day.
The best and dearest Father
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:

When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blesséd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blesséd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!

The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!

The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, twelfth century.

John Mason Neale, tr.

PONE LUCTUM MAGDALENA

STILL thy sorrow, Magdalena!
Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs:
All with thy glad heart rejoices;
All things sing with happy voices:
Hallelujah!

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!
Be thy drooping forehead bright;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light;
Christ from death the world hath freed;
He is risen, is risen indeed:
Hallelujah!

Joy! exult, O Magdalena!
He hath burst the rocky prison;

Ended are the days of darkness;
Conqueror hath He arisen.
Mourn no more the Christ departed;
Run to welcome Him, glad-hearted:
Hallelujah!

Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena!
See! thy living Master stands;
See His face, as ever, smiling;
See those wounds upon His hands,
On His feet, His sacred side,—
Gems that deck the Glorified:
Hallelujah!

Live, now live, O Magdalena!
Shining is thy new-born day;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away;
Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love, and welcome gladness!
Hallelujah!

"Adam of St. Victor, twelfth century.

E. A. Washburn, tr.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

COME, Holy Spirit, nigh,
And from the heaven on high
Send forth Thy radiance bright;
Come, Father of the poor,
Thou giv'st us more and more,
Each heart through Thee has light.

Of all consolers best,
Refreshment ever blest,
Sweet inmate of the soul;
Our refuge from the heat,
Rest to the weary feet,
Sad hearts Thou makest whole.

O Thou, most blesséd, shine
And with Thy ray divine
Each faithful bosom fill;

Who hath not Thee for guide
Hath nothing good beside,
All things are turned to ill.

Make clean each sordid part,
Soften the stony heart,
Bind up our wounds that bleed;
Bend Thou the stubborn will,
The feeble cherish still,
And help the wanderer's need.

O let Thy faithful see,
Who put their trust in Thee,
Gifts from Thy sevenfold store;
Reward their labours past
And place them safe at last
In bliss for evermore.

Thirteenth century.

D. T. Morgan, tr.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

HOLY Spirit, God of light!
Come, and on our inner sight
Pour Thy bright and heavenly ray!

Father of the lowly! come;
Here, Great Giver! to Thy home,
Sunshine of our hearts, for aye!

Inmost Comforter and best!
Of our souls the dearest guest,
Sweetly all their thirst allay;

In our toils be our retreat;
Be our shadow in the heat;
Come and wipe our tears away.

O Thou Light, all pure and blest!
Fill with joy this weary breast,
Turning darkness into day.

For without Thee naught we find
Pure or strong in human kind,
Naught that has not gone astray.

Wash us from the stains of sin,
Gently soften all within,
Wounded spirits heal and stay.

What is hard and stubborn bend,
What is feeble soothe and tend,
What is erring gently sway.

To Thy faithful servants give,
Taught by Thee to trust and live,
Sevenfold blessing from this day;

Make our title clear, we pray,
When we drop this mortal clay;
Then,—O give us joy for aye!

H. M. MacGill, tr.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

O Light divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly:

Without Thy pure divinity,
Nothing in all humanity,
 Nothing is strong or holy.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain—
Water each dry and arid plain,
 Raise up the bruised reed,
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
 Guide those that guidance need.

Give to the good, who find in thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
 Thy sevenfold power and love,
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
 Give endless peace above.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, tr.

O FILII ET FILIAE

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
A Ye sons and daughters of the King
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting!
Alleluia!

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried Lord to seek.
Alleluia!

Both Mary, as it came to pass,
And Mary Magdalene it was,
And Mary, wife of Cleophas.
Alleluia!

An angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
“Your Lord has gone to Galilee!”
Alleluia!

When John the apostle heard the fame,
He to the tomb with Peter came:
But in the way outran the same.

Alleluia!

That night the apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "Peace be unto all here!"

Alleluia!

When Didymus had after heard
That Jesus had fulfilled His word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.

Alleluia!

"Thomas, behold my side," saith He;
"My hands, my feet, my body see:
And doubt not, but believe in me."

Alleluia!

No longer Didymus denied:
He saw the hands, the feet, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.

Alleluia!

Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been:
In life eternal they shall reign.

Alleluia

On this most holy day of days,
Be laud and jubilee and praise:
To God both hearts and voices raise:

Alleluia!

And we with Holy Church unite,
As is both meet and just and right,
In glory to the King of Light.

* Alleluia!

Thirteenth century.

John Mason Neale, tr.

CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES

HIGHEST omnipotent good Lord,
Glory and honour to Thy name adored,
And praise and every blessing.
Of everything Thou art the source,
No man is worthy to pronounce Thy name.

Praised by His creatures all,
Praised be the Lord my God,
By Messer Sun, my brother above all,
Who by his rays lights us and lights the day—
Radiant is she, with his great splendour stored,
Thy glory, Lord, confessing.

By Sister Moon and stars my Lord is praised,
Where clear and fair they in the heavens are
raised.

By Brother Wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said,
By air and clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,
By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed.

By one most humble, useful, precious, chaste,
By Sister Water, O my Lord, Thou art praised.

And praised is my Lord

By Brother Fire,—he who lights up the night—
Jocund, robust is he, and strong and bright.

Praised art Thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth—
Thou, who sustainest her and governest,
And to her flowers, fruits, herbs, dost colour
give and birth.

And praised is my Lord

By those who, for Thy love, can pardon give,
And bear the weakness and the wrongs of men.
Blessed are those who suffer thus in peace,
By Thee, the Highest, to be crowned in heaven

Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art Thou
From whom no living man escapes.

Who die in mortal sin have mortal woe;
But blesséd they who die doing Thy will,—
The second death can strike at them no blow.

Praises, and thanks, and blessing to my Master
be:

Serve ye Him all, with great humility.

Francis of Assisi, thirteenth century.

Margaret O. M. Oliphant, tr.

CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES

O MOST high, almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honour, and all blessing!

Praised be my Lord God with all His creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendour: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which He has set clear and lovely in the heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which Thou upholdest in life all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire,

through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colours, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for His love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for Thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by Thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with great humility.

Matthew Arnold, tr.

DIES IRAE

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Thomas of Celano, thirteenth century.

Walter Scott, tr.

DIES IRAE

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall melt the world in flames away,
Thus David and the Sibyl say.

On every soul how great a fear
When the world's Judge is coming near,
Whose strict inquiry all must bear.

The trumpet's wondrous sound shall fall,
The nations from their graves to call,
Before the throne to summon all.

Death shall grow pale and nature quake
To see created man awake
An answer to his Judge to make.

Spread open then shall be the roll,
That record which contains the whole
For judgment upon every soul.

The Judge shall sit upon His throne,
All secret things shall then be known,
And each its meed of vengeance own.

Ah me! what utterance shall I dare?
What plea can save me from despair,
When e'en the just shall tremble there?

O King, with fearful glory decked,
Who freely savest Thine elect,
Fountain of pity, me protect!

Remember, Jesu Lord, I pray,
For me Thou wentest on the way,
Lest Thou should'st lose me on that day.

Thy weary search for me was ta'en,
Thou sav'dst me by Thy Cross and pain,
Be not Thy mighty labour vain.

Thou righteous Judge of vengeance due,
To me Thy pardoning grace renew,
Ere on that reckoning day I sue.

As one condemned I sigh apace,
All scarlet is my guilty face,
Lord, to a suppliant grant Thy grace!

Favour Thou show'dst to Mary's grief,
Forgiveness to the dying thief,
And hope Thou gav'st for my relief.

Though worthless all the prayers I make,
Yet for Thy tender mercies' sake,
O keep me from the fiery lake!

Grant me among Thy sheep to stand,
Far from the goats, the evil band,
And 'stablish me at Thy right hand.

The curséd shall in terror flee,
Condemned in piercing fires to be,
But with the blesséd call Thou me.

To Thee my suppliant spirit cries,
My contrite heart in ashes lies,
Lord, keep me in that last assize.

D. T. Morgan, tr.

DIES IRAE

DAY of wrath, that day of burning!
Earth shall end, to ashes turning:
Thus sing saint and seer, discerning.

Ah, the dread beyond expression
When the Judge in awful session
Searcheth out the world's transgression.

Then is heard a sound of wonder:
Mighty blasts of trumpet-thunder
Rend the sepulchers asunder.

What can e'er that woe resemble,
Where even death and nature tremble
As the rising throngs assemble!

Vain, my soul, is all concealing;
For the book is brought, revealing
Every deed and thought and feeling.

On his throne the Judge is seated,
And our sins are loud repeated,
And to each is vengeance meted.

Wretched me! How gain a hearing,
When the righteous falter, fearing,
At the pomp of His appearing?

King of majesty and splendour,
Fount of pity, true and tender,
Be, Thyself, my strong defender.

From Thy woes my hope I borrow:
I did cause Thy way of sorrow:
Do not lose me on that morrow.

Seeking me, Thou weary sankest,
Nor from scourge and cross Thou shrankest;
Make not vain the cup Thou drankest.

Thou wert righteous even in slaying:
Yet forgive my guilty straying,
Now, before that day dismaying.

Though my sins with shame suffuse me,
Though my very moans accuse me,
Canst Thou, Loving One, refuse me!

Blessed hope! I have aggrieved Thee:
Yet, by grace the thief believed Thee,
And the Magdalen received Thee.

Though unworthy my petition,
Grant me full and free remission,
And redeem me from perdition.

Be my lot in love decreed me:
From the goats in safety lead me;
With Thy sheep forever feed me.

When Thy foes are all confounded,
And with bitter flames surrounded,
Call me to Thy bliss unbounded.

From the dust I pray Thee, hear me:
When my end shall come, be near me;
Let Thy grace sustain and cheer me.

Ah, that day, that day of weeping,
When, no more in ashes sleeping,
Man shall rise and stand before Thee!
Spare him, spare him, I implore Thee!

Franklin Johnson, tr.

STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

FULL of beauty stood the mother,
By the manger, blest o'er other,
Where her Little One she lays:
For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation,
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

O what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed mother, kneeling
By the Sole-Begotten One!
How, her heart with laughter bounding,
She beheld the work astounding,
Saw His birth, the glorious Son.

Who is he, that sight who beareth,
Nor Christ's mother's solace shareth
In her bosom as He lay:

Who is he, that would not render
Tend'rest love for love so tender,
Love, with that dear Babe at play?

For the trespass of her nation
She with oxen saw His station
Subjected to cold and woe:
Saw her sweetest Offspring's wailing,
Wise men Him with worship hailing,
In the stable, mean and low.

Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the Stranger,
In the great joy bearing part;
Stood the old man with the maiden,
No word speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathize with thee:

Let me raise my heart's devotion
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.

Mother, let me win this blessing,
Let His sorrows deep impressing
In my heart engraved remain:
Since thy Son, from heaven descending,
Deigned to bear the manger's tending,
O divide with me His pain.

Keep my heart, its gladness bringing,
To my Jesus ever clinging
Long as this my life shall last;
Love like that thine own love, give it,
On thy little Child to rivet,
Till this exile shall be past.
Let me share thine own affliction;
Let me suffer no rejection
Of my purpose fixed and fast.

Virgin, peerless of condition,
Be not wroth with my petition,
 Let me clasp thy little Son:
Let me bear that Child so glorious,
Him, whose birth, o'er death victorious,
 Will'd that life for man was won.

Let me, satiate with my pleasure,
Feel the rapture of thy Treasure
 Leaping for that joy intense:
That, inflam'd by such communion,
Through the marvel of that union
 I may thrill in every sense.

All that love that stable truly,
And the shepherds watching duly,
 Tarry there the live-long night:
Pray, that by thy Son's dear merit,
His elected may inherit
 Their own country's endless light.

Thirteenth century.

John Mason Neale, tr.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

WEEPING stood His mother, sighing,
By the cross where Jesus, dying,
Hung aloft on Calvary;
Through her soul, in sorrow moaning,
Bowed in grief, in spirit groaning,
Pierced the sword in misery.
Filled with grief beyond all others,
Mother—blesséd among mothers—
Of the God-begotten one!
How she sorroweth and grieveth,
Trembling as she thus perceiveth
Dying her unspotted one!
Who could there refrain from weeping,
Seeing Christ's dear mother keeping
In her grief, so bitterly?
Who could fail to share her anguish,
Seeing thus the mother languish,
Lost in woe so utterly?

For the trespass of His nation
She beheld His laceration,
 By their scourges suffering.
She beheld her dearest taken,
Crucified, and God-forsaken,
 Dying by their torturing.
Mother, fountain of affection,
Let me share thy deep dejection,
 Let me share thy tenderness;
Let my heart, thy sorrow feeling,
Love of Christ the Lord revealing,
 Be like thine in holiness!
All His stripes, oh! let me feel them,
On my heart forever seal them,
 Printed there enduringly.
All His woes, beyond comparing,
For my sake in anguish bearing,
 Let me share them willingly.
By thy side let me be weeping,
True condolence with Him keeping,
 Weeping all my life with thee.
Virgin, of all virgins fairest,

Let me feel the love thou bearest,
Sharing all thy suffering;
Let me feel the death they gave Him,
Crucified in shame to save them,
Dying without murmuring.
Let me feel their blows so crushing,
Let me drink the current gushing
From His wounds when crucified.
By a heavenly zeal excited,
When the judgment fires are lighted,
Then may I be justified.
On the Cross of Christ relying,
Through His death redeemed from dying,
By His favor fortified;
When my mortal frame is perished,
Let my spirit then be cherished,
And in heaven be glorified.

Thirteenth century.

Erastus C. Benedict, tr.

PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM

THE Child is born in Bethlehem,
Sing and be glad, Jerusalem!

Low in the manger lieth He,
Whose reign no bound or end can see.

The ox and ass their Owner know,
And own their Lord, thus stooping low.

The kings bring, from the farthest East,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh to Christ.

That lowly dwelling entering,
Reverent they greet the new-born King.

Born of a virgin mother mild,
Seed of the woman, wondrous Child!

Born of our blood, without the sin
The serpent's venom left therein.

Like us, in flesh of human frame,
Unlike in sin alone, He came;

That He might make us, sinful men,
Like God, and like Himself again.

In this, our Christmas happiness,
The Lord with festive hymns we bless:

The Holy Trinity be praised,
To God our ceaseless thanks be raised!

Fourteenth century.

Elizabeth R. Charles, tr.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

HIERUSALEM! my happie home!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joyes when shall I see?

O happie harbor of the saints,
O sweete and pleasant soyle,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle!

In thee noe sickness may be seene,
Noe hurt, noe æche, noe sore;
There is noe death, nor ugly dole,
But life for evermore.

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe cold nor darksome night;
There everie soule shines as the sun;
There God Himselfe gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is noe hunger, heate, nor colde,
But pleasure everie way.

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joyes, and of the same
Partaker aye to bee!

Thy walls are made of pretious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine:
Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare;

Thy tyles are made of beaten gould;
— O God, that I were there!

Within thy gates doth nothinge come
That is not passinge cleane;
Noe spider's web, noe durt, noe dust,
Noe filthe may there be seene.

Ah! my sweete home, Hierusalem,
Woul' God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

Thy saints are crowned with glorie great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still reioyce;
Most happy is their case.

Wee that are heere in banishment
Continuallie doe moane;
We sigh and sobbe, we weepe and waile,
Perpetuallie we groane.

Our sweete is mixed with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine;
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,
Our sorrows still remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure, and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seeme as yesterday.

Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are
Most beautifull and faire,
Full furnishéd with trees and fruits,
Exceeding riche and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continuallie are greene;
There growe such sweet and pleasant flowers
As noe where else are seene.

There nectar and ambrosia flow:
There, muske and civette sweete;

Where manie a faire and daintie drugge
Are troden under feete.

There cinnamon, there sugar grow,
There narde and balme abound:
What tounge can telle or hearte containe
The ioyes that there are found?

Quyt through the streetes, with silver sound,
The Flood of Life doth flowe;
Upon whose banks, on evrie syde,
The Wood of Life doth grow.

The trees for evermore beare fruit,
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

There David stands, with harpe in hands,
As master of the queere;
Tenne thousand times that man were blest,
That might this musicke heare!

Our Ladie singes Magnificat,
With tones surpassing sweete;
And all the virginns beare their parte,
Siting about her feete.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose singe,
Saint Austine doth the like;
Ould Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songes to seeke.

There Magdalene hath left her mone,
And cheerfullie doth singe
With blessed Saints, whose harmonie
In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

F. B. P., seventeenth century.

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